Her pittie-pleading eyes are ſadlie fixed
In the remorſeleſſe wrinckles of his face.
Her modeſt eloquence with ſighes is mixed,
VVhich to her Oratorie addes more grace.
Shee puts the period often from his place,
And midſt the ſentence ſo her accent breakes,
That twiſe ſhe doth begin ere once ſhe ſpeakes.

She coniures him by high Almightie Ioue,
By knighthood, gentrie, and ſweete friendſhips oth,
By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue,
By holie humaine law, and common troth,
By Heauen and Earth, and all the power of both:
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
And ſtoope to Honor, not to fowle deſire.

Quoth ſhee, reward not Hoſpitalitie,
VVith ſuch black payment, as thou haſt pretended,
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.
End thy ill ayme, before thy ſhoote be ended.
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
To ſtrike a poore vnſeaſonable Doe.

My

My husband is thy friend, for his ſake ſp
Thy ſelfe art mightie, for thine own ſake
My ſelfe a weakling, do not then inſnare
Thou look'ſt not like deceipt, do not de
My ſighes like whirlewindes labor hence
If euer man were mou'd with womās m
Be moued with my teares, my ſighes,

All which together like a troubled Ocea
Beat at thy rockie, and wracke-threatnin
To ſoften it with their continuall motion
For ſtones diſſolu'd to water do conuert.
O if no harder then a ſtone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compaſſiona
Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQVINS likeneſſe I did entertain
Haſt thou put on his ſhape, to do him ſha
To all the Hoſt of Heauen I complaine m
Thou wrongſt his honor, woūdſt his prin
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt, and if th
Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a God
For kings like Gods ſhould gouerne e